

## Chino XL

### "Even if it Kills Me"

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[Chino XL]

Momma don't want me to be a rapper no more  
She want me to be an actor plus an entrepreneur  
I'm still raw, make your dog need a chiropractor  
Biggest balls, most courage that this game's ever saw  
{\*BLAM\*} Now who want it with Conan, no man  
Find yourself in soft sand 'til your glands  
with no chance floatin in oceans with no hands  
With plans to land abortions on grown men  
Distortion got my name blown out of proportion  
Been forced into fame ever since I was orphaned  
Awesome, 'til I'm in my coffin dressed up  
Bullets screamin like seven babies that's left in a  
dumpster  
Niggaz murdered over music, at the funerals  
The priest that knows of these beefs, and to sermon  
When I see y'all niggaz back in a minute, my anger  
infinite eternally  
And love Jesus so much? Meet him personally  
I'll make a nigga Crip-walk naturally  
Make him do Rock's People Eyebrow permanently  
Only fuck with a woman if it benefit me  
Ex and amphetamine fiend, energy like I took 20  
Xanadrine  
Serene, verbal marine, curdle your dream  
Disgusting like +Ed Gaine+, bury ya team  
Burial things, screaming lyrics filthy  
Seething spirits tell me to spit shit, even if it kills me

[Chorus]

(Yo) In the event somebody ends me  
Bury my pen by my side (that's right)  
Maybe then the world is gonna feel me  
Tell my little girls not to cry (don't cry baby)  
My dreams told me to quit music  
Too many pray for my demise  
But even if it costs, my life  
I'll al-ways write (even if it kills me)

[Chino XL]

Cowards pull tools but scared to take shots

Expected to die soon like Michael J. Fox  
Take rocks then flip 'em, avoidin incarceration  
in a bathroom cuttin coke on a baby-changin station  
Whole generation of rappers I wanna erase, they fake  
I'll drink a gallon of gas, piss right in they fuckin face  
They won't admit they bit, I ain't even 30 yet I'ma rip  
'til I'm shriveled up like Jack {?} Schmitt  
You ain't about shit, bring any MC I'll joust it  
No need for Viagra, your album leave me bored stiff  
Born sick, stickin a dick to Kimora Simmons  
Could cure Pam Anderson V.D. how much my  
penicillin/pen-is-illin  
I said it's illin, instead of stealin was feelin aight  
'til my rhyme came to life and tried to murder me last  
night (oh shit)  
Woke up feverish, what I write ain't for the squeamish  
In fact, you my +Target+ like where broke niggaz buy  
they sneakers at

[Chorus]

[Chino XL]

Yo, I'm constantly consulted by the inventors of  
Scrabble  
I hassle, cause I no longer battle, I baffle  
I'll smash you, make you look ridiculous  
like that homo Justin from American Idol's blond afro  
Meticulous, Barbosa the Barbarian, a livin statue  
Emotionless, dosed up off PCP capsules  
Conquering, capture the castle, angry Viking, I'm  
massive  
Comin with 80 thousand niggaz ridin on camels  
Relying on sandles, the light source; moon, sun and  
candles  
In a cave I witnessed the writing of the Book of Matthew  
Waiting to make the Pearly Gates  
Fuck 22's, I'll put you in a wheelchair, you'll be on 38's  
Coming on high horse, you'll leave with the Red Cross  
Draped in a red cloth, of course  
My Puerto Rican family consider me the only Latin MC  
with the ability to pick it up where Pun left off  
Legendary shoes to fit, but I'm an M-F  
And if you anger the mammoth, you will not see  
another sabbath  
You vanish, fuck the dead necrophilia  
Scholars collectin Chino's saliva for memorabilia

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

